DC UNIVERSE
7
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BEWARE MY POWER!
THE GREEN LANTERN
WHAT IS THE SECRET OF THE DOOMED CITY INSIDE THE POWER RING?
MORRISON
SHARP
EMERALD SANDS

WHAT IS

THE BATMAN WHO LAUGHS

PLANNING?

HOW WILL

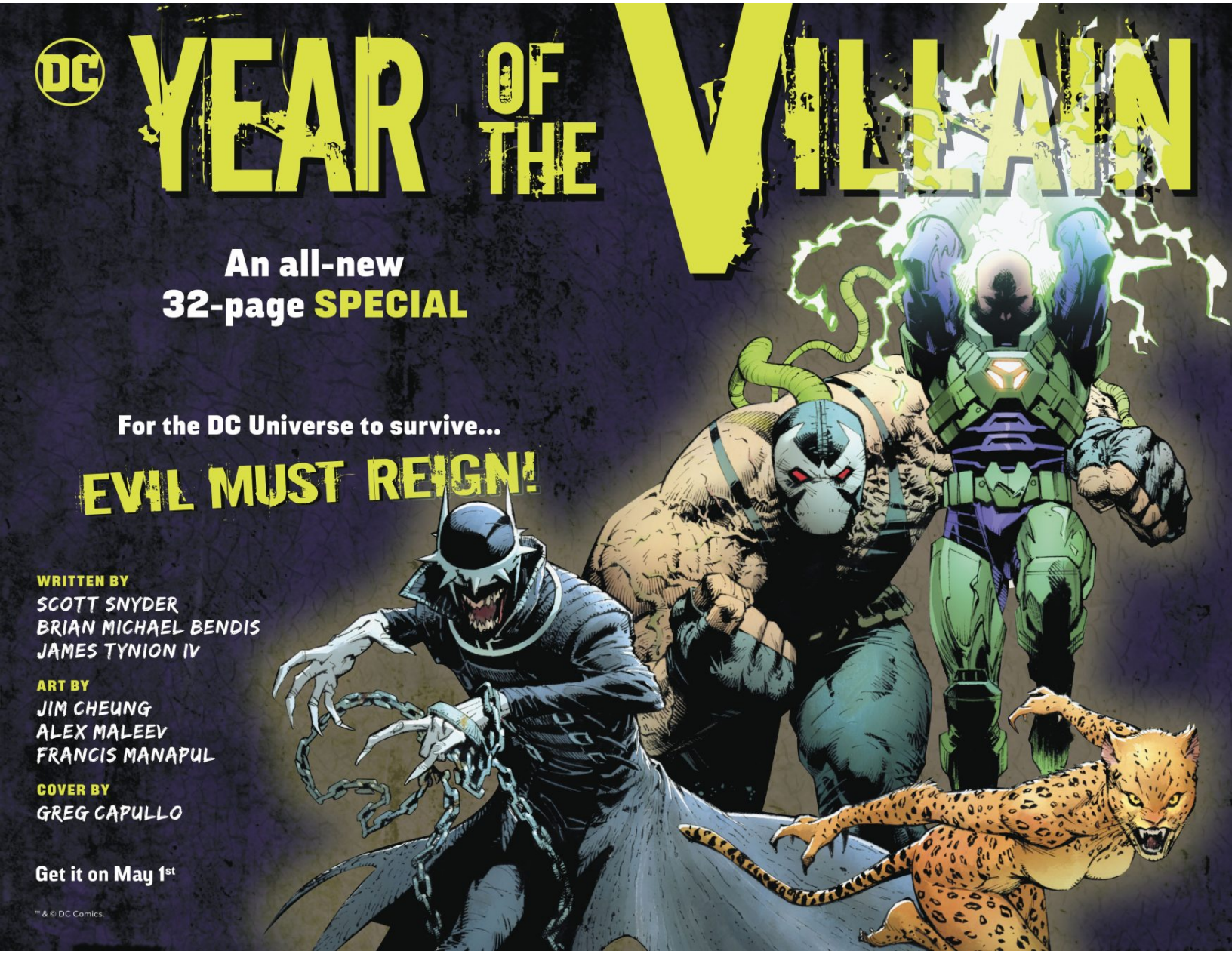
LEX LUTHOR

TURN THE WORLD TOWARD DOOM?

WHO IS

LEVIATHAN?

SECRETS WILL BE REVEALED IN...


DC
YEAR OF THE VILLAIN
An all-new
32-page SPECIAL
For the DC Universe to survive...
EVIL MUST REIGN!
WRITTEN BY
SCOTT SNYDER
BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS
JAMES TYNION IV
ART BY
JIM CHEUNG
ALEX MALEEV
FRANCIS MANAPUL
COVER BY
GREG CAPULLO
Get it on May 1st
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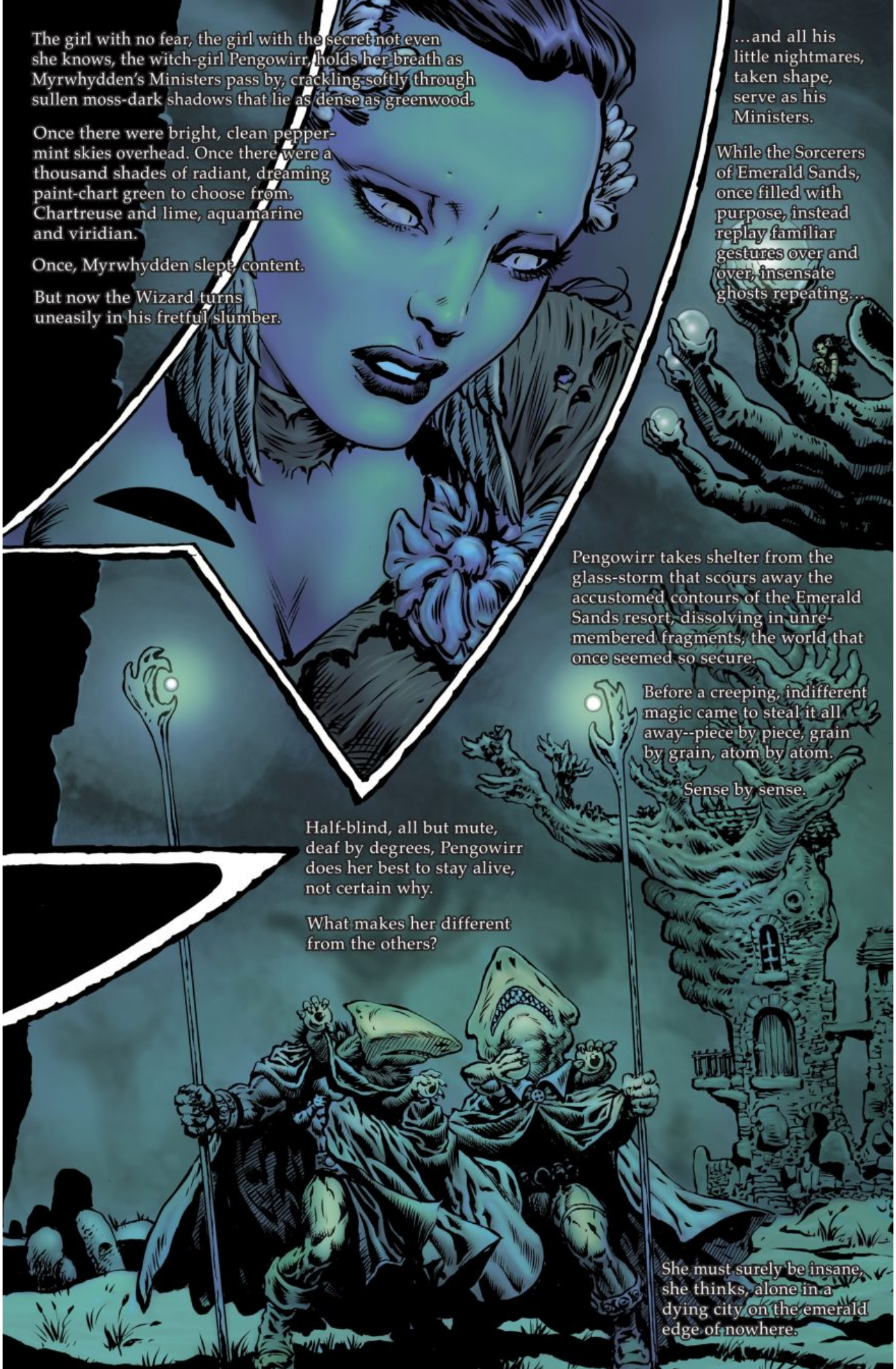
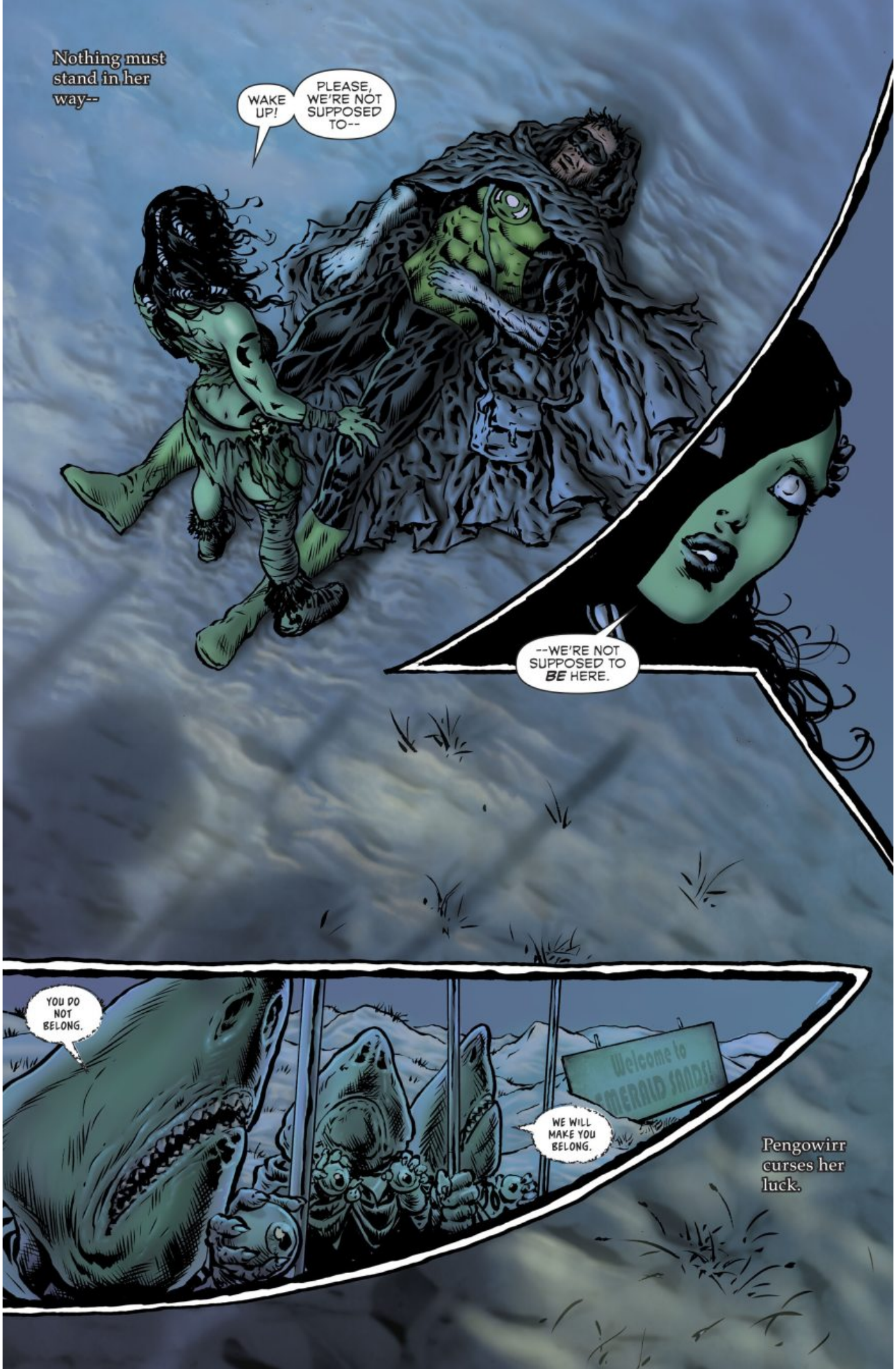
"Not nine-mile hence, there stands a town we built on ever-shifting ground.
"And in that town there tolls a bell, a countdown as we ride to hell.
"Together now, 'it's so unfair,' yet mention it? Well, no one dares!
"For no one dares to speak aloud...
"...don't tell the truth, you'll scare the crowd!
"So heed the words of little men...
"Beware the wizard Myrwhydden."

"A-HA!
"LET'S SEE.
"LOOK CLOSELY, THEN..."
Down streets made of green glass and rhyme, through the derelict avenues and haunted plazas at Emerald Sands, the girl with the biggest secret in her little green world goes scavenging for scraps as night falls and the story ends.
While in the pine-stained gloom, Myrwhydden's sinister Ministers go about the hunt. Gliding in silence through vacant promenades, whispering each to the other as their paths cross, like antique radios with the batteries running down.
They can smell fear.


The girl with no fear, the girl with the secret not even she knows, the witch-girl Pengowirr, holds her breath as Myrwhydden's Ministers pass by, crackling softly through sullen moss-dark shadows that lie as dense as greenwood.
Once there were bright, clean peppermint skies overhead. Once there were a thousand shades of radiant, dreaming paint-chart green to choose from. Chartreuse and lime, aquamarine and viridian.
Once, Myrwhydden slept, content.
But now the Wizard turns uneasily in his fretful slumber.
...and all his little nightmares, taken shape, serve as his Ministers.
While the Sorcerers of Emerald Sands, once filled with purpose, instead replay familiar gestures over and over, insensate ghosts repeating...
Pengowirr takes shelter from the glass-storm that scours away the accustomed contours of the Emerald Sands resort, dissolving in unremembered fragments, the world that once seemed so secure.
Before a creeping, indifferent magic came to steal it all away--piece by piece, grain by grain, atom by atom.
Sense by sense.
Half-blind, all but mute, deaf by degrees, Pengowirr does her best to stay alive, not certain why.
What makes her different from the others?
She must surely be insane, she thinks, alone in a dying city on the emerald edge of nowhere.

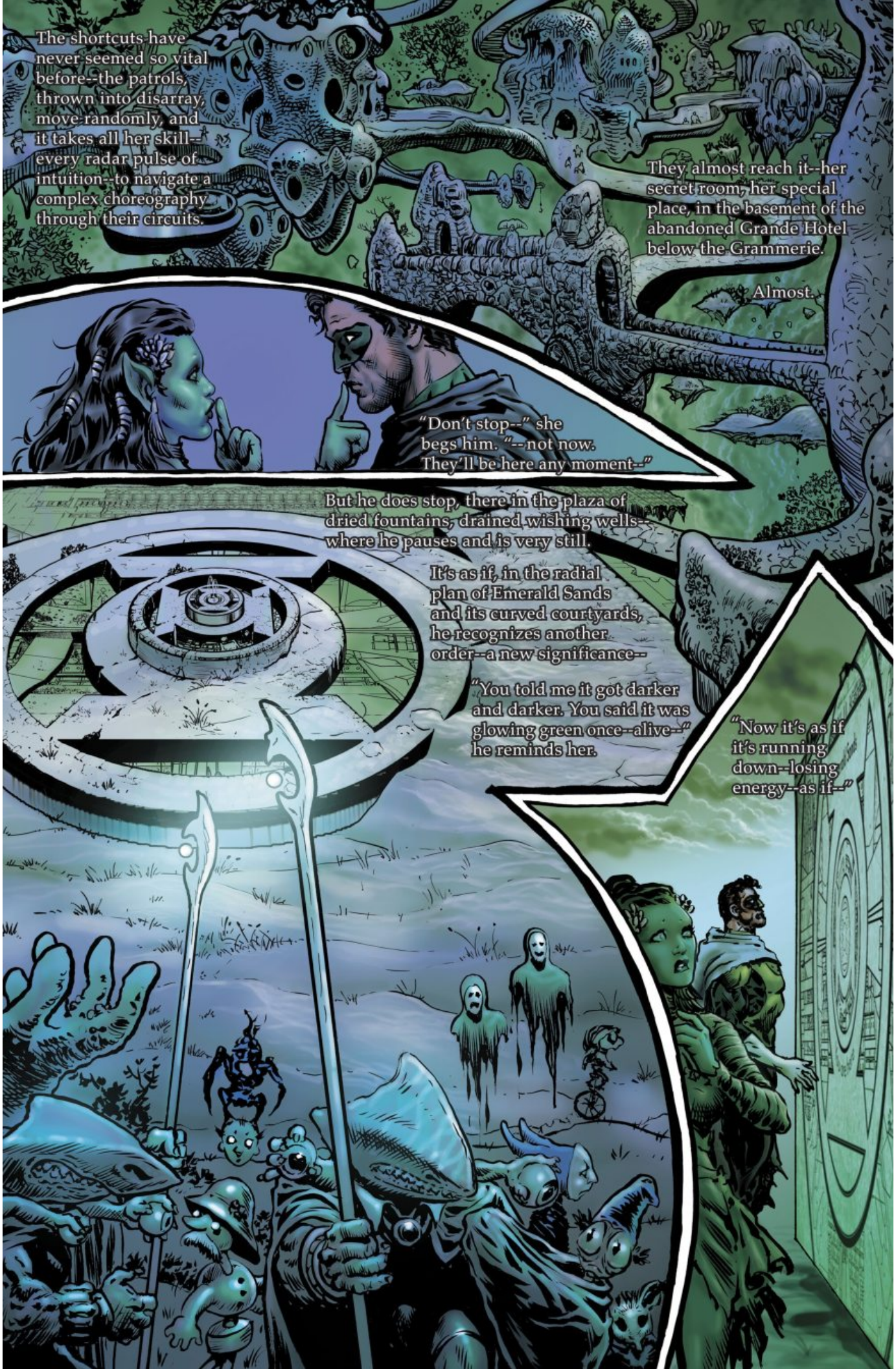
She must be insane because she can hear footsteps sounding down her spine.
Footfalls sloughing through the sifting sand, inexorable.
She knows that measured, remorseless, clock-like tread from dreams.
Each step brings the end a little closer.
Smarter than they think, Pengowirr's memorized the increasingly elaborate and intricate patrol loops of the Ministers, so her daily scavenger route is synchronized to the split second--
What matters most is that silence is maintained.
In Emerald Sands, no one speaks above the level of a whisper.
Who among the residents would dare disturb the peace of Myrwhydden?
Who but the one who comes walking?
The one who'll change everything.

In silence, Myrwhydden sleeps.
And of all the rules, there is only one that MUST be obeyed on pain of death.
Whatever happens...
...Myrwhydden must not wake.
Another soundless chime, another empty hour-- the hollow bells in the clock tower ring out the silences.
She cannot afford to miss a beat.


Nothing must stand in her way--
WAKE UP!
PLEASE, WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO--
--WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE.
YOU DO NOT BELONG.
WE WILL MAKE YOU BELONG.
Welcome to
Pengowirr curses her luck.

But better, she thinks on the brink, better for it to end here, defiant.
The alternative?
Stumbling, senseless, scoured to the bone by green glass blizzards?
One thing's clear, at least--
The Stranger's not for endings.
He prefers to start things.
And that's that--
-- that's how easily everything changes.

THIS WAY!
WE'LL BE SAFER!
"No sound louder than a whisper," she warns him--and so, in hisses and gestures, he explains himself--
He can't remember who he is. He knows there's a very important job he must do, but he can't remember what it is.
"Why whisper?" he inquires.
Her eyes dart side to side-- "Myrwhydden," she replies.
"That was the name," he says. "The little man told me to say Myrwhydden sent me." As he speaks, her face turns paler in the olive shade. "If Myrwhydden sent you," she whispered--
IT REALLY IS THE END OF THE WORLD.
WE MUST RUN.
WE MUST HIDE.


The shortcuts have never seemed so vital before--the patrols, thrown into disarray, move randomly, and it takes all her skill--every radar pulse of intuition--to navigate a complex choreography through their circuits.
They almost reach it--her secret room, her special place, in the basement of the abandoned Grande Hotel below the Grammerie.
Almost.
"Don't stop--" she begs him. "--not now. They'll be here any moment--"
But he does stop, there in the plaza of dried fountains, drained wishing wells--where he pauses and is very still.
It's as if, in the radial plan of Emerald Sands and its curved courtyards, he recognizes another order--a new significance--
"You told me it got darker and darker. You said it was glowing green once--alive--" he reminds her.
"Now it's as if it's running down--losing energy--as if--"

"Of course," he says, a man shocked from sleep by a lightning strike.

"There was a U-bomb. I had to disarm it. Guardians diverted the entire output of the Central Battery through my power ring--shot us into deep space--

"--enough energy to kill me, but the ring--the ring would do anything to keep me alive--" And here, he looks at Pengowirr as if she ought to know already...

"--I'm Hal Jordan, Green Lantern Corps officer 2814.1..."

THIS ISN'T THE FIRST TIME.

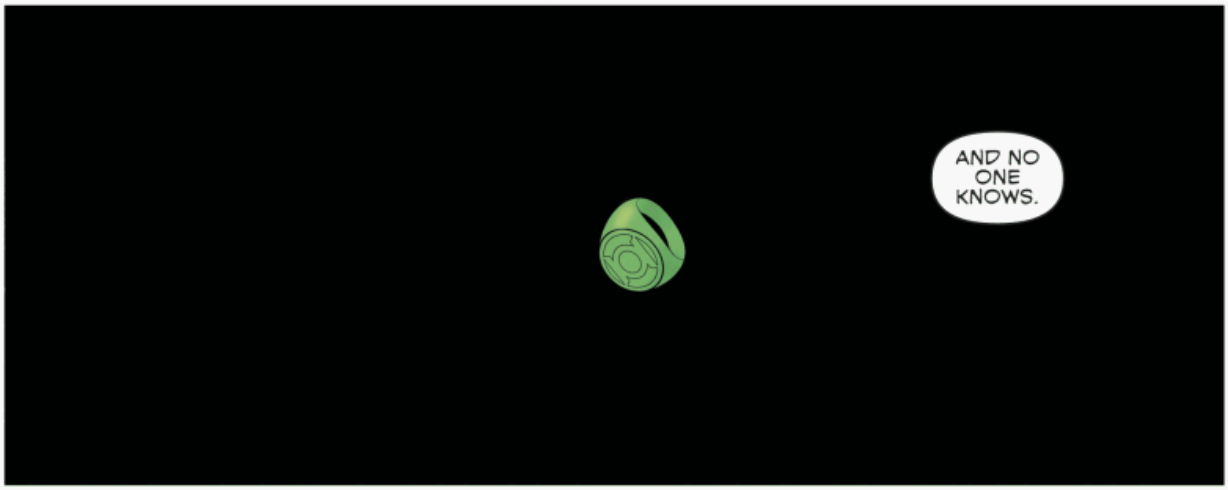
WE'RE *INSIDE* MY *POWER RING.*

AND IT'S RUNNING OUT OF CHARGE.

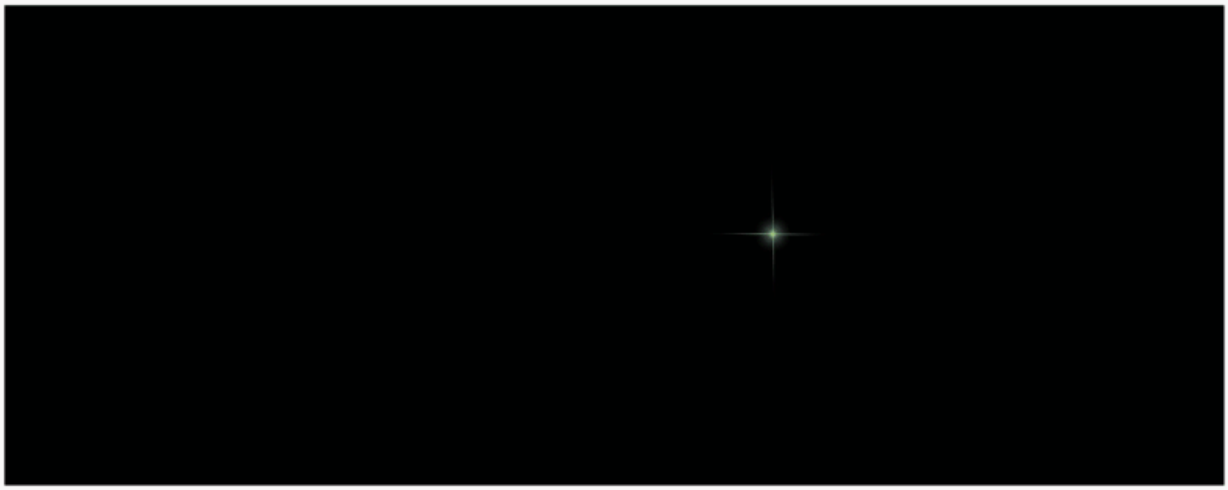
THIS WORLD IS DYING BECAUSE THE *RING* IS *DYING.*

NOWHERE *NEAR* A LANTERN.

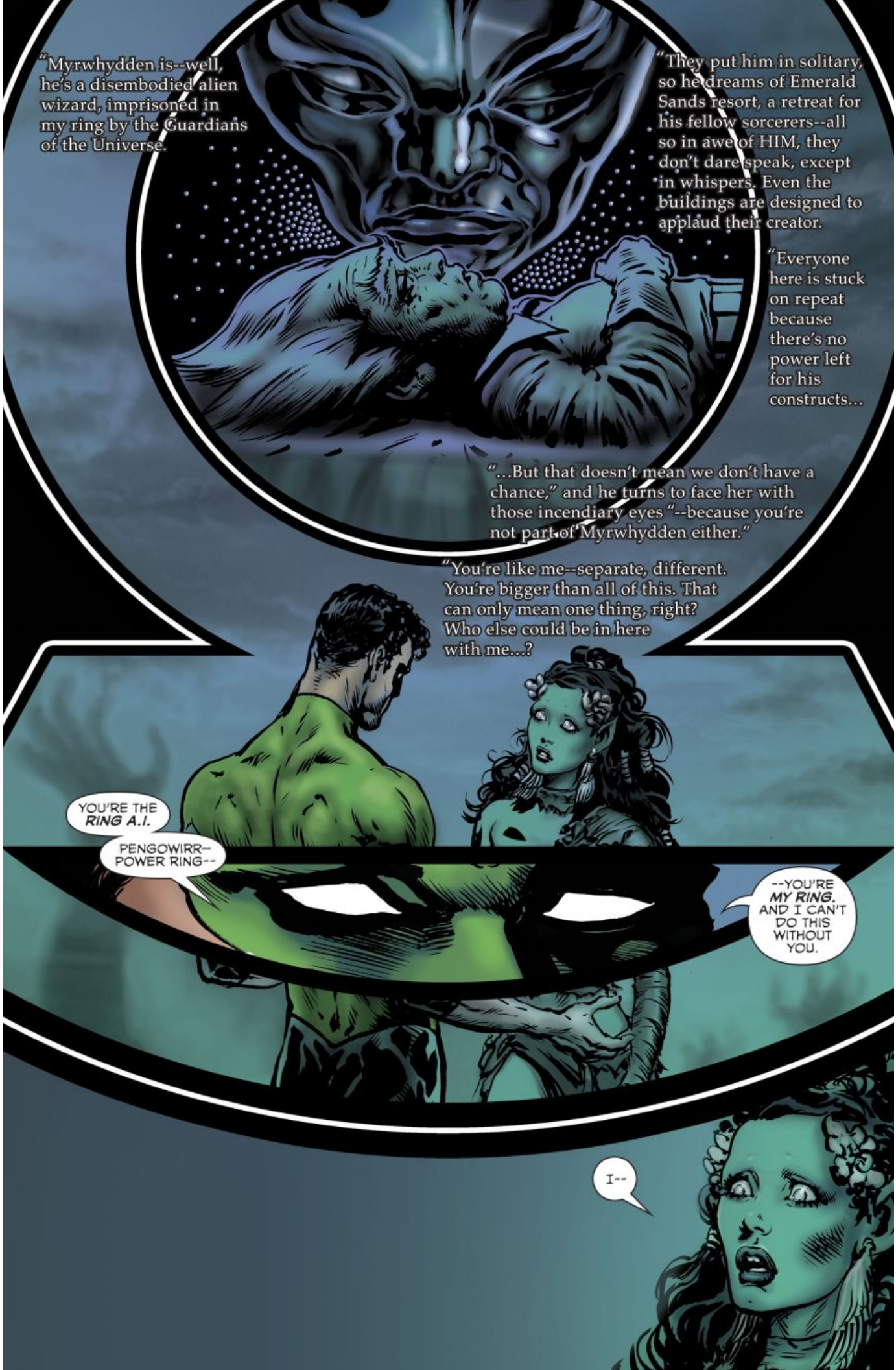
WE COULD BE ANYWHERE IN *A HUNDRED THOUSAND LIGHT YEARS* OF EMPTY VOID.


AND NO ONE KNOWS.

NO ONE CAN FIND US.



Emerald Sands
OKAY.
OKAY, I GOT THIS...
Pengowirr speaks slowly--
"If Myrwhydden sent you--then--then you're not Myrwhydden.
"But," and her voice becomes now oddly hollow "...if you're not Myrwhydden, that makes you special.
"That makes you different."
"Why is that?" he asks, and the hair prickles on his neck, a static sixth sense.
BECAUSE EVERYONE ELSE IS MYRWHYDDEN...
He thinks for a moment. "Except--what about you, Pengowirr...'?
"See, I know all about Myrwhydden."


"Myrwhydden is--well, he's a disembodied alien wizard, imprisoned in my ring by the Guardians of the Universe.
"They put him in solitary, so he dreams of Emerald Sands resort, a retreat for his fellow sorcerers--all so in awe of HIM, they don't dare speak, except in whispers. Even the buildings are designed to applaud their creator.
"Everyone here is stuck on repeat because there's no power left for his constructs...
"...But that doesn't mean we don't have a chance," and he turns to face her with those incendiary eyes "--because you're not part of Myrwhydden either."
"You're like me--separate, different. You're bigger than all of this. That can only mean one thing, right? Who else could be in here with me...?
YOU'RE THE RING A.I.
PENGOWIRR--POWER RING--
--YOU'RE MY RING. AND I CAN'T DO THIS WITHOUT YOU.
I--

AAAAA!
"No sound louder than a whisper..." she'd said under her breath.
WE WILL MAKE YOU BELONG.
--and he's Hal Jordan, which means commands, orders, rules and regulations can go to...
MYRWHYDDEN!
Naturally, the Wizard stirs.

WAKE UP, MYRWHYDDEN!
"Wake up, damn you!" Jordan commands, the calm control in his voice barely veiling his rage. "Wake up and face the fact you're DYING, unless you HELP us!"
NO-- NO--
DON'T WANT TO FACE--
"You have to re-absorb Emerald Sands," Jordan explains, with only minutes to spare before the end. "Everything and everyone! Bricks and mortar. Flesh and blood. It was all just you to begin with.
"And we need every iota of the power it took to keep this illusion alive!" he tells the wizard. "We need it to boost the ring.
"You'll die along with all the rest of us, Myrwhydden--unless you give us what you've got!"
CAN'T DIE!
WE CAN'T DO THIS ALONE!
I CAN'T SEE—I CAN'T--
HOLD ON.
YOU AND ME, TOGETHER LIKE ALWAYS. THAT LAST EFFORT.
EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT--WE ACTIVATE THE HOMING PROTOCOL--

I CAN'T-- THERE'S NOTHING--
THERE'S ME.
RIGHT BY YOUR SIDE.
NEVER APART.
COMMENCING INTERSPACE ACCELERATION.

Together, they watch the world fall down, and together hear Myrwhydden's terrible death-denying howls.

EVEN MYRWHYDDEN'S POWER--IT ISN'T ENOUGH!

THEN IT ALL COMES DOWN TO *US!*

PURE WILL AND GENIUS TECHNOLOGY.

EVERYTHING WE'VE *GOT,* REMEMBER?

POWER 0.5%

0.3%

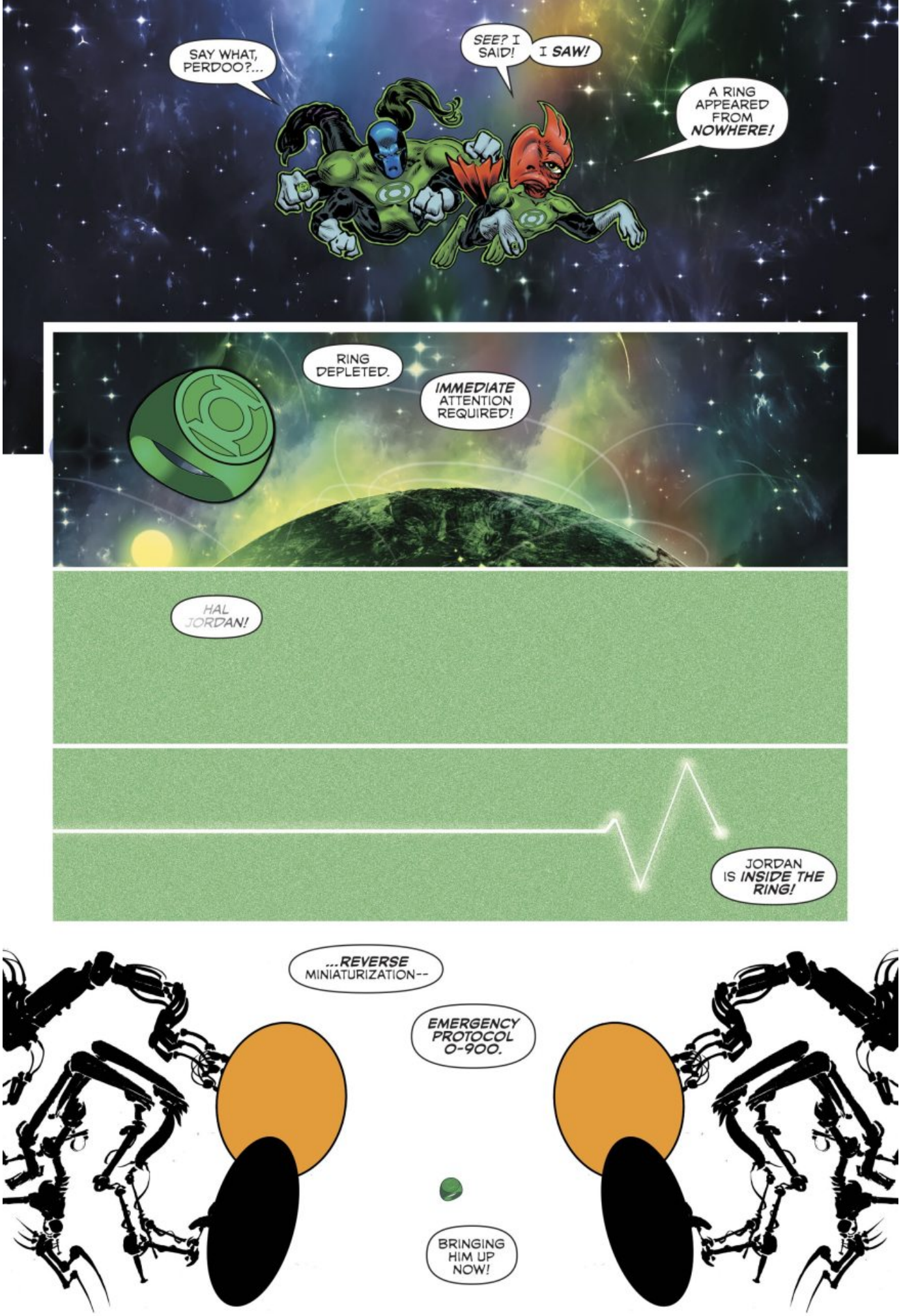
AND WHEN WE'VE GIVEN *EVERYTHING* AND THERE'S *NO MORE* LEFT TO GIVE--

WE GO THE *EXTRA MILE!*

"Hell yeah!" he says as if he knows they're already home, already safe, just somewhere up ahead. "Lock course to OA!

"All remaining power accelerate to space fold NOW--"

SEE?

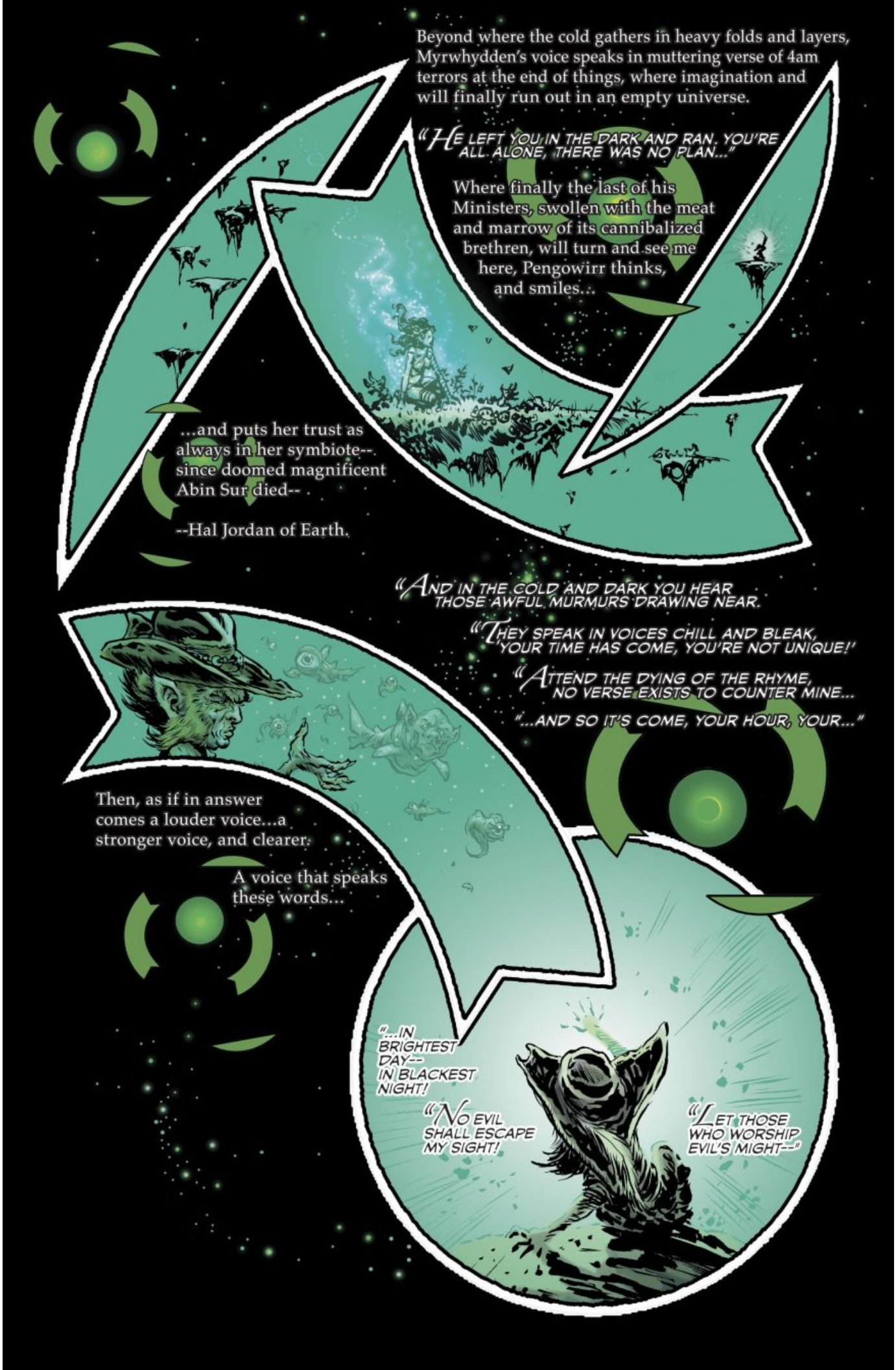

SAY WHAT, PERDOO?...
SEE? I SAID!
I SAW!
A RING APPEARED FROM NOWHERE!
RING DEPLETED.
IMMEDIATE ATTENTION REQUIRED!
HAL JORDAN!
JORDAN IS INSIDE THE RING!
...REVERSE MINIATURIZATION--
EMERGENCY PROTOCOL 0-900.
BRINGING HIM UP NOW!

Pengowirr is certain she can hear voices out there in the void. Beyond the jade-black horizon.

She's sure those are screams and cries for mercy, swiftly answered by yet more screams-- and silence--

--and growling, flesh-eating chuckles.

In this way, Pengowirr, dying all alone, shivers out the last minutes of existence.


Beyond where the cold gathers in heavy folds and layers, Myrwhydden's voice speaks in muttering verse of 4am terrors at the end of things, where imagination and will finally run out in an empty universe.
"He left you in the dark and ran. You're all alone, there was no plan..."
Where finally the last of his Ministers, swollen with the meat and marrow of its cannibalized brethren, will turn and see me here, Pengowirr thinks, and smiles...
...and puts her trust as always in her symbiote-- since doomed magnificent Abin Sur died--
--Hal Jordan of Earth.
"And in the cold and dark you hear those awful murmurs drawing near.
"They speak in voices chill and bleak, 'Your time has come, you're not unique!'
"Attend the dying of the rhyme, no verse exists to counter mine...
"...and so it's come, your hour, your..."
Then, as if in answer comes a louder voice...a stronger voice, and clearer.
A voice that speaks these words...
"...in brightest day-- in blackest night!
"No evil shall escape my sight!
"Let those who worship evil's might--"

BEWARE MY POWER!

GREEN LANTERN'S LIGHT.
EMERALD SANDS
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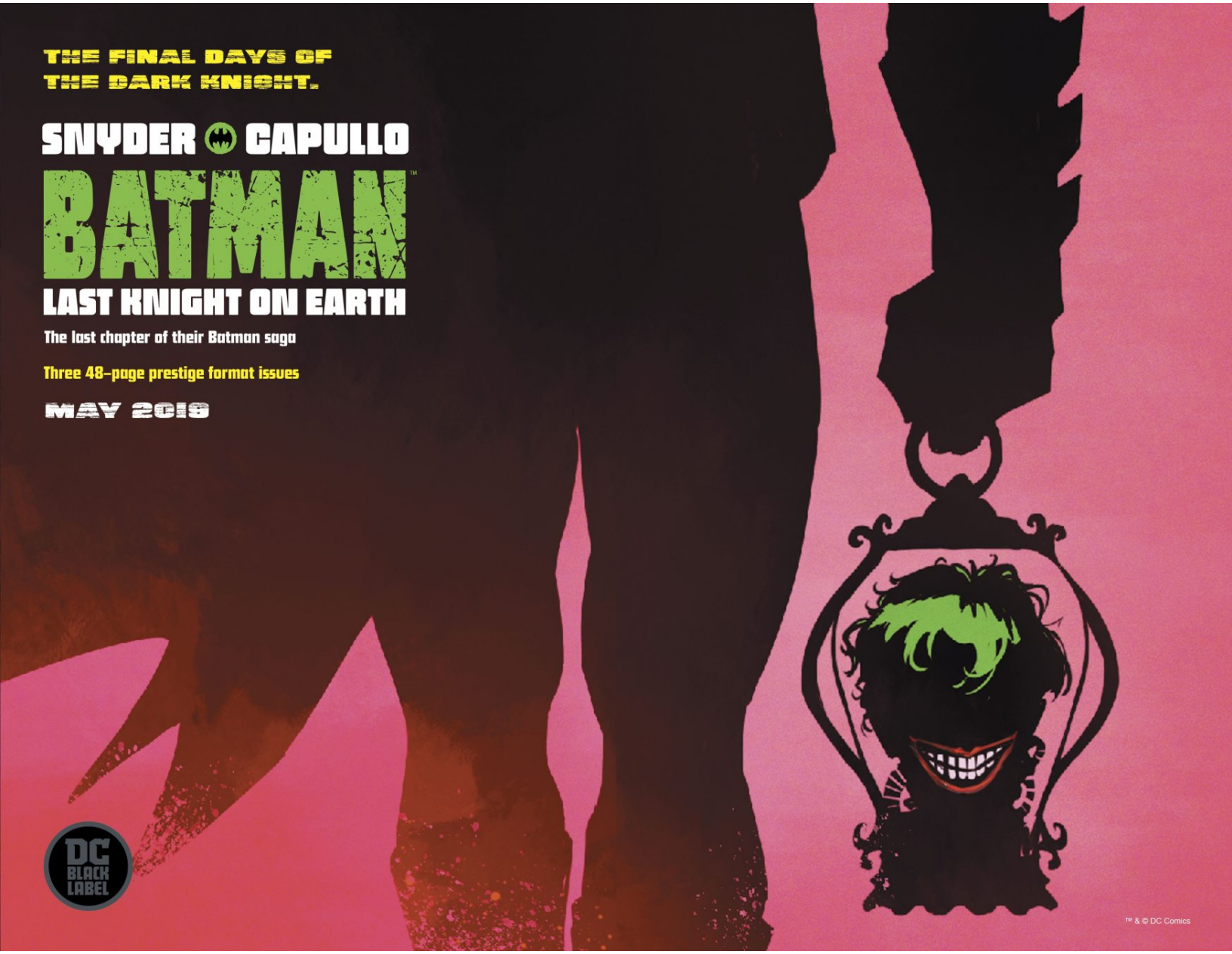
LIAM SHARP artist and colorist
TOM ORZECHOWSKI letters
LIAM SHARP w/ STEVE OLIFF cover
EMANUELA LUPACCHINO & REX LOKUS variant cover
JESSICA CHEN associate editor
BRIAN CUNNINGHAM editor
Next: GREEN ARROW!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THE DARK KNIGHT.
SNYDER CAPULLO
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LAST KNIGHT ON EARTH
The last chapter of their Batman saga
Three 48-page prestige format issues
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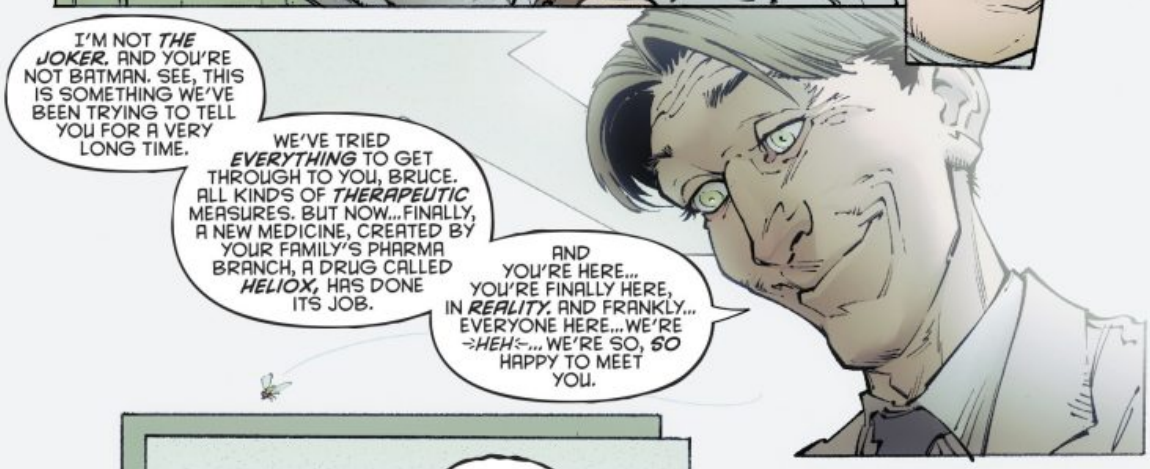
Special Sneak Preview

BATMAN
LAST KNIGHT ON EARTH
#1



Nononono... no...Alfrd.
ALFREDDD!

SHHH. BRUCE, PLEASE.
Don't tuch mE!

LOOK, I UNDERSTAND THIS IS A LOT. WE ALL DO. AND BEHIND THAT DOOR ARE MANY, MANY PEOPLE WHO WORK HERE AND HAVE BEEN WAITING TO MEET YOU--THE REAL YOU--FOR A VERY LONG TIME.
BUT BEFORE WE INTRODUCE YOU TO THEM, THERE'S SOMEONE HERE TO SEE YOU WHO'S BEEN WAITING LONGEST OF ALL.
HERE, LET ME GET YOU UP.

...no.
BRUCE?

BRUCE IS IT....IS IT REALLY... YOU?
DR. HUDD?
THE SCANS ALL SAY THE SAME THING, ALFRED. HE'S STILL WAKING UP AFTER THE SHOCK OF IT, SURE, BUT HE'S BACK WITH US.
BRUCE? BRUCE, TALK TO ME.
Alfrid, pleazzz. PLeeeze jus tak mmme hOm.

I WILL. I WILL, MY BOY. I'VE BEEN WAITING TO TAKE YOU HOME FOR SO *LONG* I...I PROMISE I WILL AS SOON AS I CAN. AND I WANT YOU TO KNOW--AS THE FIRST THING YOU UNDERSTAND AS YOU COME BACK TO US--I WANT YOU TO *KNOW,* FROM ME...THAT YOU ARE FORGIVEN.
NO ONE *BLAMES* YOU, BRUCE. NO ONE. NOT YOUR DOCTORS, NOT THE CITY, AND CERTAINLY NOT ME. *NEVER* ME. EVERYONE KNOWS YOU WEREN'T IN YOUR RIGHT MIND THOSE YEARS AGO. WHEN YOU...WHEN YOU *DID* WHAT YOU DID.
Forgivnnn? When I did wut...
Alfrrrid, did *wwwut...?!*
...WELL WHEN YOU...
WHEN YOU *KILLED* YOUR PARENTS IN THAT ALLEY, BRUCE. I THOUGHT YOU...
...I THOUGHT YOU *UNDERSTOOD* AT LEAST THAT.
NONONO NNNOOO!

LATER.
IT PAINS ME TO SEE YOU THIS WAY, SIR.
PAINS US ALL. TRULY.
MORE THAN YOU CAN IMAGINE.
BUT NOT NEARLY AS MUCH AS IT DID TO SEE YOU AS YOU WERE BEFORE. EVERY DAY, EVERY PASSING WEEK. UNABLE TO FACE REALITY.
IT'S BEEN DAYS NOW, SIR. HOW LONG BEFORE YOU ACCEPT IT?

WHY DO I KNOW FRENCH AND SPANISH AND ITALIAN AND MANDARIN AND--
Sigh. WE'VE BEEN THROUGH THIS. YOU TAUGHT YOURSELF HERE. THE LIBRARIAN, ELLIOT -- WHOM YOU TURNED INTO SOME VILLAIN CALLED "SHHH" OR SOME RIDICULOUS THING -- COACHED YOU.

WHY DO I KNOW HOW TO FIGHT?
BECAUSE...AGAIN, YOU LEARNED, FROM DR. ALGOL. IN THE HOSPITAL GYMNASIUM.
BEFORE NEARLY DROWNING HIM IN THE WHIRLPOOL, UNDER THE BELIEF IT WAS SOME KIND OF MAGICAL WELL.

BRUCE. I LOVE YOU AND I WILL DO THIS FOR AS LONG AS YOU WANT...
BUT I...I BROUGHT SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU. I DON'T KNOW IF IT WILL HELP OR HURT. DR. HUDD, HE THINKS IT COULD BE DESTRUCTIVE, BUT...I HAVE FAITH.

IT'S YOUR COWL, BRUCE.
MY COWL? THANK GOD. ALFRED, THANK YOU.

YOU'RE WELCOME, BRUCE. TAKE A LOOK...

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Special Sneak Preview
...BECAUSE HERE IT IS.
THIS IS BATMAN.
SCOTT SNYDER
writer
GREG CAPULLO
penciller
JONATHAN GLAPION
inker
FCO
colorist
TOM NAPOLITANO
letterer
Batman created by: BOB KANE with BILL FINGER.
To be continued in
BATMAN
LAST KNIGHT ON EARTH
#1 On Sale in May

A DC NATION interview with writer **SCOTT SNYDER**

Why should fans check this out?

This is meant as a kind of closure to the whole saga that Greg Capullo and I did. I'm very proud of it. It's way out there. It really has every character in the DCU, from Lex Luthor and Superman to surprising ones like Vixen. It takes place 25 years down the line.

How did you come up with the idea for this story?

I was at San Diego Comic-Con, and I met Grant Morrison for one of the first times, and I was completely a mess. I went through a period when I started on BATMAN where I was quite self-destructive. I just wasn't ready for the pressure, and all I cared about was this work. I'd be up all night working on it, and it hurt a lot of things. It hurt my family, it hurt friendships, and I think Grant saw that and pulled me aside and was like, "You're freaking out." And I was like, It's Batman! It's Batman! You know, I don't know how you do Batman. How do I keep up? And he said, Here's what you need to do. You need to give your version of Batman a birth and a death and just know it's yours and relax. It's your version. You're not fighting against Frank Miller, me or whatever to try and touch the hem of that stuff at all. And it was so honestly transformative for me. Zero Year, was the birth of our character. I wrote that right after that conversation, and it was our origin, and this is the story I started thinking about all the way back then. I'm not going to say he's going to die, but it's the end of our mythology. It takes all the pieces that we did from the Owls, the Red Hood, a lot of the things we kind of built and kind of brings them back to show where they wind up 20 years from now.

How will fans of your acclaimed run on BATMAN react to this story?

I try to put horse blinders on otherwise and not worry about fan reaction. It's not that I don't care, because I do, I care a lot, but if I worry about it I feel like I start to get untrue to what I want to do, and the times that I've really believed in something that seemed out there, like DARK NIGHTS: METAL, fans have really shown up and been supportive, so I have to trust that now.

ON SALE MAY 29!

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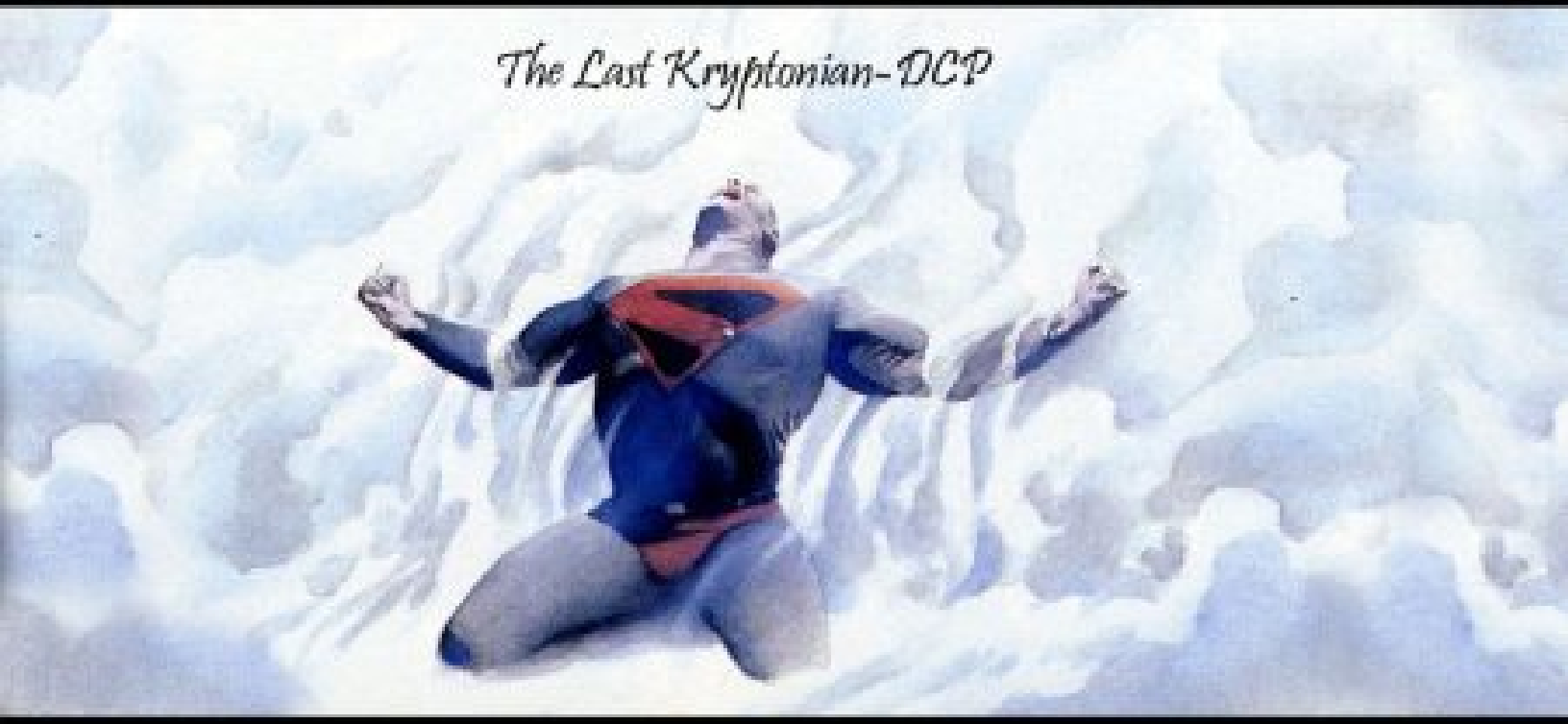
The Last Kryptonian-DCP